

A SINGULAR BIRD

By EDWARD BATY

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"Miss Barker, I reckon we uns have had enough of this matrimonial business. Anyway, I have, seein' your husband's be run away with my wife."

"Yo' mean, Mr. Todler, that your wife run away with my husband?"

"It's just as bad one way as t'other. I'm goin' to shut my baby boy up and never let him see a gal," said Mr. Todler.

"I was thinkin' o' doin' the same with my baby gal."

"We might do it up hyar in these mountings and bring 'em clean up without the boy seein' a gal or the gal a boy."

"It's powerful lonesome. Nobody ever comes up hyar unless it's revenue men lookin' fo' stills."

"Waal, mornin', Miss Barker."

"Mornin', Mr. Todler."

The homes of these two persons were far up in the highlands of east Tennessee. They were successful in keeping their children from seeing one of the opposite sex till they were sixteen years old. Then the boy demanded a gun. His father gave him one on condition that he never hunt off the inclosure. But one day the youngster followed a bird from tree to tree till he got on to Mrs. Barker's premises. There, sitting under a tree knitting, he saw Miss Barker. They looked at each other in astonishment.

"Oh, mother," called the girl, "come here! There's the funnest thing you ever saw!"

But Mrs. Barker was not within hearing.

"You mean," said young Todler, "that you are the funnest thing in the world. Queer, isn't it? You can talk just like a man, only your voice is different."

"You must be some kind of a woman."

"I know; mother often told me that there was a thing like you that I must keep away from. She says they poison women's lives. She's always been afraid I'd meet one of them."

"Pop's told me the same thing about what he calls a she man. He said one of them wrecked his life."

"Well," said the girl, "I don't see anything so terrible about you."

"Nor I about you."

She approached him, put her hand on his shoulder, drew it away quickly, put it on his neck, took off his hat and combed his hair with her fingers. He touched her cheek.

"Are you going to bite me?" she asked.

"Not I. Have you got any poison about you?"

"Poison! No. Why do you ask that?"

"Pop says she men are vipers. That means snakes. Most snakes are poisonous."

"Your pop must be horrid."

She patted his cheek with the palm of her hand. He put his arm around her waist. With the other hand he pulled her chin around near his face. Instinct told him to touch his lips to hers.

"Isn't that nice?" he said.

"Kind o' nice."

"Do you wish me to do it again?"

"I don't care."

He did it again and again. Then he noticed her hair done up in a knot at the back of her head. Pulling at it, he at last got the hairpins out, and the coil fell on her shoulder.

"By gum!" he exclaimed. "What in thunder do you let your hair grow like that?"

"Why do you cut yours off?"

Following a natural inclination, these two young things clung to each other, the girl winding his arms about the girl and the girl about the boy.

"I'm thinking," said the girl.

"About what?"

"My mom has warned me against your kind, and your pop has warned you against my kind. If we tell them anything about this they'll tie us both up the way they do the dogs."

"We wouldn't tell."

"Suppose we don't."

They concluded that they were too near the she-man's mother for safety, so they strolled away to a safe distance and remained together several hours. When they separated the he-man kissed her, which shows plainly that lovers' kisses at meeting and parting are a matter of instinct.

When the girl went into the house and met her mother she said not a word about the queer creature she had met. And this shows that a prime law of nature with the sex is to get the better of each other, which enables them to get the better of their husbands. Her mother asked her where she had been out in the woods listening to a frog croaking in the creek. A queer sound came from it she had never heard before.

When the boy went home his father asked him if he had had any luck. He replied that he had seen a bird of paradise, but it was so beautiful he hadn't the heart to kill it. His father suspected from an absent-mindedness about his boy that he had seen a girl. He asked what the bird looked like.

"Pretty near as big as I—a big top knot at the back of its head and no legs. At least I could not see any."

The father frowned.

The next day Mr. Todler held a conference with Mrs. Barker, with the result that Todler took his son to her house, a minister said things over the two youngsters, and they were told that each could keep the other for a pet.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Green's Warranted Syrup of Tar, if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory, or money refunded.

Red Cross Pharmacy, E. A. Brown, C. H. Kendrick & Co., D. F. Davis, George L. Edson, J. D. McArthur, W. H. Miles & Co., McAllister Bros., D. C. Howard, J. A. Cunningham, J. W. Farmer.

Particularly the Ladies.

Not only pleasant and refreshing to the taste, but gently cleansing and sweetening to the system, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is particularly adapted to ladies and children, and beneficial in all cases in which a wholesome, strengthening and effective laxative should be used. It is perfectly safe at all times and dispels colds, headaches and the pains caused by indigestion and constipation so promptly and effectively that it is the one perfect family laxative which gives satisfaction to all and is recommended by millions of families who have used it and who have personal knowledge of its excellence.

Its wonderful popularity, however, has led unscrupulous dealers to offer imitations which act unsatisfactorily. Therefore, when buying, to get its beneficial effects, always note the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package of the genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

For sale by all leading druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle.

MME. CURIE.

Women of Paris Demand She Be Honored by Institute of France.



TAR AND FEATHERS.

A Coat of These Means Excruciating Torture to the Victim.

People who read of tarring and feathering know that the punishment is a very unpleasant one, but few imagine how terribly painful and dangerous it is. Hardened tar is very hard to remove from the skin, and when feathers are added it forms a kind of cement that sticks closer than a brother. As soon as the tar sets the victim's suffering begins. It contracts as it cools, and every one of the little veins on the body is pulled, causing the most exquisite agony. The perspiration is entirely stopped, and unless the tar is removed death is certain to ensue.

But the removal is no easy task and requires several days. The tar cannot be softened by the application of heat and must be peeled off bit by bit, sweet oil being used to make the process less painful. The irritation to the skin is very great, as the hairs cannot be disengaged, but must be pulled out or cut off. No man can be cleaned of tar in a single day, as the pain of the operation would be too excruciating for endurance, and until this is done he has to suffer from a pain like that of 10,000 pin pricks. Numbers of men have died under the torture, and none who have gone through it regard tar and feathering as anything but a most fearful infliction.

A Blow Arrested.

An organist who on the eve of a festival was taken suddenly ill secured a deputy to take his place. The deputy, on the authority of St. James' Budget, was a gentleman who played a very full organ, playing full chords where his principal played only single notes, and consequently using a much larger quantity of wind.

When about three parts through with the "Hallelujah Chorus" the wind suddenly gave out. Going round to the back of the organ to ascertain the reason, the deputy found the blower in the act of putting on his coat preparatory to going home.

"What do you mean by such behavior?" the deputy angrily expostulated. "Look here, sir," the blower returned with warmth. "If you think I don't know 'twouldn't you puffs it takes to blow the 'Hallelujah Chorus' you make a big mistake!"

Helped the Thief.

A simple, honest Scotch farmer had taken a sack of meal to dispose of in Aberdeen castle market," says Mrs. Mayo in her "Recollections of Fifty Years." "It was in the days when people were hanged for any petty theft, and an execution was in progress, the culprit being a sheep stealer. The worthy countryman stood aghast when a stranger hustled up with the question:

"What's a do?"

"A hangin'," said the other, awed, "for stealing a sheep."

"Eh, what would folks risk for gear?" cried the stranger. "Will ye just give me a hand up with this sack?"

"The farmer promptly complied. It was only afterward that he discovered he had helped a thief to make off with the sack of meal he had brought to sell."

Ungallant.

Henderson—Ever met with any serious accident while traveling? Any peck—Did I? I met my wife while traveling abroad.

Trouble springs from idleness and grievous toll from needless ease—Franklin.

ROOSEVELT ON ANOTHER TRIP

Arrangements Made Before Last Election

HEADED SOUTH FOR START

A Six Weeks' Swing Around the Circle. Had Not Heard of the Mexican Affair Till Told.

New York, March 9.—Theodore Roosevelt started yesterday on his six weeks' swing across the country to the Pacific coast and back again. It is the first tour he has made since the recent campaign.

"I have nothing to say about anything," said Mr. Roosevelt as he boarded his train on the Pennsylvania railroad, which left at 10:16 for the South. He said he had not heard of the mobilization of the United States troops and the navy near Mexico until yesterday morning's papers were shown him. It was remarked that way, but he only smiled and declined to express any opinion.

GIRLS TRAPPED BY FIRE IN SHOP

Several Score Have Narrow Escapes, but Get Out in Working Clothes.

New Haven, Ct., March 9.—Seventy employees, mostly girls, of the Ansonia Novelty company, had a narrow escape yesterday in a fire in the lacquer room of the company's factory in that city. None was able to save any but the clothes in which she was at work.

The upper floors of the building were badly burned. The loss is estimated at about \$50,000, and the cause of the fire is not known.

At West Haven yesterday the saw shop of the West Haven Manufacturing company, a blacksmith shop and a dwelling house close by were burned with an estimated total loss of about \$50,000. The fire started in the saw shop from an unknown cause.

ASSERTED HER RIGHTS

And Portugal Respected American Citizenship of Sister Alice.

Woonsocket, R. I., March 9.—Expelled from Portugal as the result of the new republic's law against religious orders, Sister Alice of the Blessed Sacrament, who was Miss Dolphine Lafayette of this city, left London yesterday for this country. Rev. Arthur Lafayette of Woonsocket is her brother.

Sister Alice became a member of the Little Sisters of the Poor 22 years ago, when she was assigned to Brooklyn. After a few years she was sent to France and thence to Portugal, where she was assigned to one of the islands in the Mediterranean to establish a house of the order.

A few years ago she returned to Lisbon, where she witnessed the assassination of King Carlos. During the revolution she with the other sisters were driven from their hospital, where they had 20 people in their care. The Portuguese and French members of the order went to jail, but Sister Alice asserted her rights as an American citizen and was protected by the American minister and cared for until last week, when she left for England.

Clean Linen Free to Cowboys.

When the Indians began dying out rapidly in the Southwest, and venture some capitalists started building railroads, new towns were projected so fast that the map makers were always several years behind. Everyone of these towns, as soon as it achieved a population of two hundred, was afflicted with the court house fever. Indeed, for an ambitious town a month old and possessing a population of two hundred wandering and skittish souls, a court house is the surest anchor. It secures not only more permanent location but also an increase in population. Each new town watched the population of the old court seat and as soon as victory was sure an election was called and the court house was moved. Then the old court seat watched its chance and worked to secure the county majority. This accomplished, another election was called and the court house moved again, taking a lot of population with it.

Vagaries of the Texas election law in its definition of a voter aided the frontier town builders in their work. One section of the law said that a voter's residence was maintained at the place where his washing was done. Resourceful town promoters soon saw the opportunity in this, and every town preparing for a court house fight became a great laundry center. Cowboys and railroad laborers, who were alike disdainful of the privileges of suffrage and the joys of clean linen, were bribed to give up their soiled shirts and receive clean ones in return and after a primary course in sanitation and civility voted with great skill and frequency. When the legislature met it always had to waste a good deal of time washing the new county seats. One session grew so pernickish over it that a law was passed making it a felony, or a misdemeanor, or something of the kind, to move a court house in less than five years after its establishment. Since then competition for population between Texas towns has been complicated.

SROLIN
Cures
Coughs
and Colds

This Home-Made Cough Syrup Will Surprise You

Stops Even Whooping Cough Quickly. A Family Supply at Small Cost.

Here is a home-made remedy that takes hold of a cough instantly and cures it in 24 hours. This recipe makes a pint enough for a whole family. You couldn't buy as much or as good ready made cough syrup for \$2.50.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents worth) in a pint bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. This keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste—children like it. Braces up the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

You probably know the medical value of pine in treating asthma, bronchitis, and other throat troubles, sore lungs, etc. There is nothing better. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The prompt results from this Pinex remedy have made friends for it in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada, which explains why it has been imitated often, but never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. A whole lot send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

elled to develop in other directions—in other words, the new development is bona fide.—From "Competing for Population," in March Technical World Magazine.

LOW CASTE MANGS.

Hindus Not Only Despise Them, They Fear and Hate Them.

By the lowest of all Indian castes, is not only despised, but even feared and hated. A writer in the Times of India says: "To be cruel is to be 'Mang' hearted; to fly into a passion may be expressed in Marathi idiom as having a Mang within one. When on the occasion of an eclipse fears are awakened for the safety of the sun or moon, it is the Mang whose help is sought. He goes among the people claiming their propitiatory gifts, saying: 'Give your gifts that the grasp may be removed. For are not Babu and Kedu, the enemies who have laid evil hands on the heavenly bodies, themselves Mangs?' Similarly, to their recognized relation with 'dark' worship and with subterranean and demonic influences is to be traced the making of offerings to Mang women on Dusera day and the sinister fact that there are few great buildings erected in pre-British days in this part of India that have not—whether they be temples or forts or palaces—Mang victims built into their foundations."

"The peculiar place that these popular superstitions have given to the Mang community is seen especially in the ceremonies that are sometimes performed for the removal of disease. Frequently when some one has fallen ill a Jeshi is consulted and explains the illness as due to the influence of some evil spirit. The one effective prescription in such a case is to call a Mang and give him a dinner. This is not by any means an act of friendliness toward a despised community, but has as its object apparently the propitiation of the demonic power and the removal of the source of the disease from the sick man to its proper habitation."

"With this end in view practices of sympathetic magic, which can be paralleled in the folk lore of many peoples, are employed. Portions of the finger nails or, it may be, fragments of hair of the invalid are secretly mixed with the food to be given to the Mang, and before the sugar water of which he is to partake is given to him the sick man must see his face in it. In this way the evil is supposed to be passed back to where it properly belongs and the disease removed."

Way to Treat Venison.

The sportsman was explaining to a few of his uninitiated friends.

"If you don't like venison," he said, "it is because it has not been prepared properly. I think I know the kind you have tried to eat, and I agree with you it is not fit. After the deer has been shot the carcass probably has been allowed to lie around until the blood has discolored the meat and it really has almost tainted it. Few hunters dress their game carefully enough. As soon as a deer is killed the carcass should be thoroughly bled, skinned, the entrails removed and the meat hung up in the dry air for some hours. Thorough and prompt bleeding is of the utmost importance. Venison prepared in this way is comparatively light in color—that is, it is a clear, bright red, and the fat is white and clean. There is no strong, rank taste."

New York Press.

New Tuberculosis Remedy Based on Medicine

To say that a specific exists for the cure of tuberculosis is perhaps too strong a statement, but in Eckman's Alternative we have a medicine that cures many a case of Consumption, in years of usefulness, and in permanently curing a large number of Consumptives.

Certainly a person afflicted with a wasting disease should be well fed with wholesome, nourishing food, but frequently raw eggs, raw meat, raw fruit, raw vegetables, and then no food nourishes. As for milk, a very good food for many, but a producer of biliousness for some.

Any diet that keeps a Consumptive well nourished is a diet not one, but what is going to cure the patient?—Eckman's Alternative has cured and is curing many a case of Consumption. Those speak who know. Here is a specimen:—90 Savannah St., Rochester, N. Y. Gentlemen: "On June 1, 1907, I was operated upon for Tubercular perforation, at St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, N. Y. After the operation, my physician gave me up as hopeless. I was then urged by a priest to 'take Eckman's Alternative, which I did. My weight at the time was 72 lbs. I began to improve and steadily gained in health and strength. I now weigh 125 lbs. and am absolutely cured. Believe me, I owe it to myself and others. I make this statement."

(Signed, ADAMANTINE EDNA FINEZER, Eckman's Alternative cures Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Throat and Lung Affections. Ask for booklet of cured cases and write to the Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa., for additional evidence. For Sale by all leading druggists and Burt H. Wells, Barre, Vt.

Private Brainard's Ruse

By DOROTHY R. MURRAY

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Tom Brainard was always full of Old Nick. He was at the bottom of all the mischief done at school, and when he was at college got into so many scrapes that at the end of his sophomore year the president informed him he needn't come back the next term.

Tom's father put him into a business concern, but the boy soon proved that he was as unfit for business as for study. Sitting on a high stool all day adding columns of figures was not to Tom's taste. He soon got discharged for inattention to his work, and then his father was at his wits' end to know what to do with him. Tom said he'd like to be a soldier, so his father went to Washington to try to get him a commission, but was told there that if his son wanted a commission he had better enlist and work his way up from the ranks.

Tom enlisted and, though he took to soldiering better than anything else, was constantly transgressing the army regulations and consequently getting himself into trouble. He enlisted in the cavalry and was sent out with his regiment to a two company post in the west. The only people to fight were Indians, and at the time of Tom's arrival they were peaceful.

Fort B., where Tom's company was stationed, was near a hamlet that has since become a large town. The fort was intended as a point of observation for a tribe of Indians whose reservation was but a few miles away. Tom served a year at the fort, one-third of which was spent in the guard-house. He was known by the officers to be a gentleman and his offenses were not serious; indeed, he was rather an annoyance, than otherwise. So finally his captain told him that if he would leave the army he would guarantee his discharge. But Tom declined. He said he had come into the service for a commission and intended to stay there till he got one.

Soon after this the Indians broke loose from their reservation and went about murdering settlers wherever they could find them. The savages numbered several thousand warriors, and the troops in the fort numbered sixty-two. The "great father" had put a force down near the Indians just big enough for them to eat up when they got ready.

One day there was consternation in the fort. The Indians were coming to attack it, and if they did they would doubtless take it and kill everybody in it, including women and children. Besides, many of the people from the little town or settlement near by had come in the merchants bringing their stocks of goods and all bringing their household belongings.

As the Indians approached the soldiers went out to meet them, the major in command hoping to pacify rather than to fight them. Six hundred Indians attacked him, and after a skirmish several redskins, including their chief, were killed. When the chief fell the Indians drew off, though it was known that they would renew the fight with redoubled fierceness. After dark the troops withdrew to the fort and shut themselves in.

That night was a fearful one in the inclosure, death staring every one in the face. It was known that reinforcements had been sent from Leavenworth, but it would require several days for them to make the march. Tom Brainard told his captain that he had a plan. He was conducted to the major commanding and proposed it. The major had no confidence in it, but permitted Tom to try it.

A stock of cigars and tobacco had been brought into the fort, including a wooden Indian that an enterprising tobaccoist had brought from St. Louis. The Indian was sitting with a calumet in his mouth. Tom bored a hole through the back of the neck and put a real pipe in the Indian's mouth. Then he introduced a tube into the hole he had bored, so that by sucking on the tube the Indian would appear to smoke.

Tom told his commander what his plan was and asked him as soon as it was light the next morning to convene all the officers at the fort on the parapet, put the wooden Indian in the circle and have some one concealed pull on the tube at the back of his head, the pipe having been lighted. He wished them all to appear to be in council.

This being understood, Tom rode out with an escort and a white flag. The Indians met him, and he told them that the spirit of their chief had come into the fort and made peace. The Indians were incredulous. They had the chief's body. Tom offered to show him to them at the fort smoking with the officers. They rode with him to the fort, arriving early in the morning. Tom would not permit them to come within a quarter of a mile of the post, but this was near enough for them to see the wooden Indian sitting on the rampart in a circle of officers, blowing clouds of smoke. The Indians, astonished, rode away and spread the news to all the tribes.

That was the end of the uprising. Soon after Tom's ruse the new chief came to the fort and ratified the peace made by his predecessor.

Tom, in recognition of his services in saving the lives of the garrison, was promoted to be a commissioned officer, and a very good one he made too.

Fell In With the Argument. "The leading question," said the colonel, "is the financial one."

"Right," replied the major, "and I was just about to ask you to add \$5 to that \$10 I borrowed from you yesterday."—Uncle Remus Magazine.

"The easiest thing I know of," says the philosopher of folly, "is to begin to save up some money next month."—Cleveland Leader.

ROYAL Baking Powder Economy

The manufacturers of Royal Baking Powder have always declined to produce a cheap baking powder at the sacrifice of quality.

Royal Baking Powder is made from pure grape cream of tartar, and is the embodiment of all the excellence possible to be attained in the highest class baking powder.

Royal Baking Powder costs only a fair price, and is more economical at its price than any other leavening agent, because of the superlative quality and absolute wholesomeness of the food it makes.

Mixtures made in imitation of baking powders, but containing alum, are frequently distributed from door to door, or given away in grocery stores. Such mixtures are dangerous to use in food. In England, France, Germany and some sections of the United States their sale is prohibited by law. Alum is a dangerous mineral acid, and all physicians condemn baking powders containing it.

The label of alum baking powders must show the ingredients.

READ THE LABEL

Four Principles of Scientific Management.

The first comprehensive account of the new science of business management appears in the March American Magazine, written by Frederick W. Taylor, the originator of the new scientific theories as applied to business. Mr. Taylor, in explaining his subject, says that the fundamental idea contained in his theories is based on the assumption of additional responsibility by the management of a business concern which results in greater output by the employees. He writes:

"Under scientific management the initiative of the workmen (that is, their hard work, their good will and their ingenuity) is obtained with absolute uniformity. In addition to this improvement on the part of the men the managers assume new burdens, new duties and responsibilities never dreamed of in the past. The managers assume, for instance, the burden of gathering together all of the traditional knowledge which in the past has been possessed by the workmen, and then of classifying, tabulating and reducing this knowledge to rules and formulae which are immensely helpful to the workmen in doing their daily work."

These new duties of the management are grouped under four heads: "First: They develop a science for each element of a man's work, which replaces the old rule of thumb method."

"Second: They scientifically select and train the workman, where in the past he chose his own work and trained himself as best he could."

"Third: They heartily co-operate with the men, so as to insure all of the work being done in accordance with the principles of the science which has been developed."

"Fourth: There is an almost equal division of the work and the responsibility between the management and the workmen. The management take over all work for which they are better fitted than the workmen, while in the past almost all of the work and the greatest part of the responsibility were thrown upon the men."

Facts That Prove New England Is Controlled by the Great Express Monopoly.

A new monopolizing octopus gets the limelight in the March American Magazine. The calculator operator is Albert W. Atwood, and the object of his attention is the great express monopoly in general and the Adams and the American Express companies in particular. Mr. Atwood says that while everyone admits that the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad owns New England, nobody seems to have ever been curious about who owns the New York, New Haven & Hartford. He writes:—

"All readers of contemporary literature know who or what owns New England; to give it a name, the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad company."

"Reader, what chance do you suppose, have the 12,842 stockholders with shares and under to make their voices heard in the management of the New Haven system, as compared with the great express monopoly?"

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free advice of a physician of over 40 years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is regarded as sacredly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands, some of them the worst of cases.

It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. The only one good enough that its makers dare to print its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. There's no secrecy. It will bear examination. No alcohol and no habit-forming drugs are found in it. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trifle with your health. Write to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.,—take the advice received and be well.

"But did you ever take the time to figure out who or what owns the New Haven railroad?"

"The officers of the company will say that the stockholders own it, and the list of the stockholders in New England will say that J. Pierpont Morgan is the real owner. But if we analyze the situation a little more closely and go beneath the surface, we will find something of more practical value than this generality, true as it may be, about the financial system and Morgan being in control of the New Haven."